#### THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

PHASES OF THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN STRUG-GLE.

THE FOUNDING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE BY WILLIAM I. By Helprich von Sybel. Translated by Marshall Livingston Perrin, Ph. D., and Gamailel Bradford, jr. Vol. II, 8vo, pp. viii, 634. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Von Sybel's second volume opens with the revival of the Confederate Diet, which now, as always, proved an instrument in the hands of Austria whereby she continually sought to break down the prestige and power of her rival, Prussia, and to attach to herself by ties of interest those lesser German States whose jealousy of Prussian supremacy made them willing tools of the House of Hapsburg. The high-handed, aggressive policy of Prince Schwarzenburg, the Austrian Minister, pushed the patience of King Frederick William hard, but his traditional belief in the necessity of friendly relations between the two great German Powers restrained him at critical junctures, and caused him to bear much which might justly have been resented. The Hessian question now assumed a threatening aspect. The Elector of Hesse was a thoroughly unprincipled and worthless man, and he was abetted in his assaults upon the liberties of his people by Hassenpflug, a Minister of the same type as his master. The people of Hesse, however, had fallen upon evil times, for the Confederate Diet, which had no authority to do anything of the kind, audaciously took upon itself to discipline the recalcitrant citizens because they took their stand upon constitutional rights and refused to vote supplies illegally demanded. The action of the Diet was outrageous, but the Revolution had so terrified the German rulers, great and little, that they were ready for any illegal course which promised to put down demonstrations of popular belief.

In this case they were actually supporting a monstrous tyranny and bringing their own Governments into contempt by combining to deprive the Hessians of their constitutional rights; but they thought little of this, nor did the obvious fact that their own constitution gave no warrant for their action make them pause. Prussia must share the accountability for this attack upon Hesse, for though she did not interpose, it was not for the sake of the oppressed people, but to guard her own interests, and in the end she permitted the so-called "punishment" of the Hessians to proceed unhindered. This punishment consisted in quartering troops upon the people in such numbers as to rain those charged with their support; and as the billeted soldiers received hints that they might make themselves as obnoxfous as possible to their hosts, the general effect of the measure was nearly equal to that of a foreign invasion. Prussia protested against the marching of the Confederate troops into Hesse, mobilized her army, and went very near to war, though without making it. Manteuffel, the Prussian Minister at the time, was not the equal of Prince Schwarzenburg in craft, and allowed him self to be hoodwinked and drawn into a humiliating agreement at Olmutz, though Frederick William-almost alone-thought the arrangement measurably satisfactory. Then followed the Dresden Congress, another futile endeavor to invent a "modus vivendi" between the two German Powers. In all these Congresses and Diets the question upon which wreck was made was the Executive Power of the proposed Confederation. Austria claimed and insisted upon supremacy, and invariably sought so to arrange the Executive Council that she could count upon enough votes of lesser States to paralyze Prussia. The latter as resolutely refused to accept any such one-sided arrangement and insisted upon absolute equality with Austria. As neither would yield, it soon be Bismarck put it, the question could only be settled by "blood and iron." It was indeed an irrepressible conflict, engendered by the whole German political situation, and if it was apparent that only the arbitrament of the sword could decide between the two great Powers, it was not less plain that when that settlement come the hour not all, of those petty States whose existence ha proved so mischievous; which had only served to perpetuate an individualism fatal to German unity and German patriotism, while wasting the ining a crowd of toy States, incapable of self-defence, necessarily dependent upon some great Power, and governed with sole reference to the dynastic interests of feeble, corrupt and absolutist families

The Dresden Congress was a complete fiasco, and the new Confederate Diet succeeded, beginning its sessions with the now unhindered prosecution of the Hessian "punishment." In the Confederate Diet, however, now appeared a great man, Otto von Bismarck, and his personality soon impressed itself upon his colleagues and upon the action of the body. At the outset of his career Bismarck had been an ultra-Conservative, and was looked upon as the representative of feudalism and aristoracy. He was an aristocrat to the last, but in all other respects he grew, adapting his policy to the statesman's character is fine, but too extended for quotation here. The occurrence of those events which led to the Crimean War brought great embarrassment to the Prussian Government. The Czar Nicholas had behaved in a very highhanded way, threatening Prussia with war unless she made concessions to Austria, and in the Schleswig-Holstein matter behaving arbitrarily, Austria was anxious to join the Western Powers in the war upon Russia. Her interests in the Danubian Principalities in a manner compelled her to put troops in the field when the Russian occupation became an accomplished fact. She demanded Prussia's assistance. France also and England were argent in their representations at Berlin. But if the Prussian King hesitated while it seemed likely that the war would be fought out between the Danube and the Balkans, its transfer to the Crimea deter ned him to maintain a strict neutrality.

Prussia was abused and taunted for this resolution at the time, but Von Sybel showed that it was a sound policy. It was no business of hers Prussian interests were menaced by Russian aggression. The Prussian Army might have ex-hausted itself in fighting Austria's battles, and according to all precedents Austria would have taken prompt advantage of this exhaustion to thrust down her ally, and, if possible, to destroy her. The truth was that Austria could not be Her interests were too palpably anti-Prussian. It was therefore the part of wisdom for Prussia to hold aloof; to keep her army and her treasury intact; to let those fight whose interests controlled them; and to await her own onportunity. It is possible that temporary loss of prestige -: thus incurred, but certainly no real loss of power; and events ultimately vindicated the wisdom of the policy adopted. Louis Napolean resented the neutrality of Prussia bitterly, and at one time even talked of making war upon her. England was displeased also, but got over her dissatisfaction. But Russia felt deeply the generosity of Frederick William, and never forgot it: and years afterward, when William the First was called upon to fight for his life and kingdom, his strength was doubled by the assurance that all was safe and secure to the North, and that he could throw his whole force against the enemy in

The close of the reign of Frederick William was now at hand, but it was preceded by the fantastic affair of Neuchatel, in which the feudal and mediaeval side of the King's character was curiously exhibited in a perfectly wild and hopeless effort to regain possession of a little patch of territory that had been annexed to Switzerland. Neuchatel was of no possible use to Prussia, but a nuisance and embarrassment; yet the King wanted it mightily, and got himself into an awkward and even dangerous position in his attempts to get possession of it. The affair was finally compromised after a show of actual belligerency had been made, and after the good offices of Napoleon had been employed to small purpose. Soon after this the poor King fell into that darkened mental

condition which closed his career and was to conclude his life; and his brother, the Prince of Prussia, after acting as Deputy a short time, assumed the Regency formally, and began to reign. Events soon became serious again. With the Franco-Sardinian alliance came the certainty of an Austro Italian war, and of course Austria at once began to demand the active co-operation of Prussia and all Germany on her behalf. The Vienna Government would have had the Regent furnish an army for operations in Italy, but William refuseto fight for the foreign possessions of his ally All he felt justifled in doing was securing the safety of Germany. He was willing to march an army to the Rhine, and . it was not yet certain whether France wound strike in Italy or in Germany, this step promised to be a most effective one. But the haughty Austrian would not ac cept any help if he could not have it his own way; and so, though the Prussiah forces were mobilized and ready to march, they did not set out. In the meantime the Austrians were being beaten in Italy, and suddenly after Solfering Europe was surprised by the conclusion of a peace between Napoleon and Francis Joseph that threw over the interests of Italy, and all the more certainly and swiftly led to Italian unification. The Italian war at an end, the old German

quarrels and intrigues rebegan. In the Diet the Hessian case was brought op again, and Usedom showed that all that had been done was illegal. A new committee was appointed, and while the Diet was not candid enough to admit that it had blundered, it tried to repair some of the conse quences of its error, and at last secured a con stitution to the victims. Meantime Napoleon, ever restless, ever scheming, was nneasy at the possibility of union between the German States, a danger which he apprenended vainly until his own domestic necessities compelled him to take the only step which could have brought about the thing he feared. Just at this time the French Emperor was very well affected to Prussia, and made several advances, which William received prudently and cautiously. But the Government was now entering upon a long internal The Regent had from his entrance int power determined to carry out unportant military reforms, to increase the army, and to change the terms of service so as to insure the presence in the ranks, and under good training and discipline, of the flower of the Prussian youth. These measures required an increased expenditure, and the proposed chapges in the terms of service were regarded with strong dissatisfaction by many who thought they saw in the movement a design against the militia, and who could not perceive the state importance of the whole measure. The result was the organization of a strong opposition in the Lower House, and the beginning of a contest which was to continue during several years, and to create bitter feeling and serious misunderstand ing between the King and his people. external affairs much more satisfactory. attempts of Austria to gain admittance to the German Tariff Union produced constant friction, and her efforts to set the petty and lesser States of Germany against Prussin were steadily maintained.

It was at this time, namely, in 1862, that Bismarck was called to the head of the Ministry. He had just come from St. Petersburg, where he had been Ambassador from Berlin, and was on his way to Paris on a similar diplomatic mission, when Kipg William sent for him. The Prussian people, remembering Bismarck only as a Feudalist, regarded his appointment as a defiance on the part of the Crown, and the constitutional struggic was embittered. The Lower House refused to grant the military budget, and a dissolution fol-lowed, but the new House proved as intractable as its predecessor, and it became necessary to govern the country provisionally without the aid of Parliament. Von Sybel points out the differences between the Prussian and English Constitutions, differences which, in placing greater power at the disposal of the Prussian Crown, rendere this parliamentary deadlock less serious than such an event would have been under a more demoeratic regime. The obstinate resistance of the Lower House, moreover, was based upon a mis apprehension of the ends of the Government was determined upon: nor was it possible to earry them out save by instituting the changes of the Opposition that the increase of the army was needless, because the Government was sure never to go to war, was childish, and the time was not far off when every Prussian citizen would of the Government in military matters. But Bismarck took office in the middle of a storm which would have tried any man, and which too soon realized that she had no longer to deal with a Manteuffel, but with the first statesman of his age, and she made little advance in her intrigues thenceforth. Upon the heels of the domestic difficulties next

erowded a formidable Polish complication, which for a time, threatened to disturb the peace of Europe. In this case the direct interests of Prussia were involved, and in this case it is difficult of the infamy, were condemned to play the part of jailers, despots and executioners, and thus to incur edium and detestation throughout Europe. Von Sybel, as in duty bound, puts the best face upon the treatment of the Polish Revolution, and ingeniously strives to make it appear that the purposes of Czar Alexander were at this time full of benignity and that the Poles were perverse, malignant and irrational. Strange as it may appear to such as believe the violent ex tinction of a nation defensible, however, the victims of such practices do not hold themselves under any obligation to consider the interests or to lessen the embarrassments of their oppressors and they consider themselves warranted in using whatever instrumentalities may be available for the furtherance of their own liberation. Alexander may have favored mild measures for the time of the past, nor could be reconcile the down tradden people to any avowedly Russian policy The revolution was carried on ruthlessly, it is true, but desperate men grasp at any and every agency that can help them. Prussia came to th aid of Russia and the safeguarding of her own Polish provinces, and thereby aroused the indignation of Europe. Napoleon was greatly incensed but he dared not act, and since no other Power wa at all inclined to move in the matter otherwise than diplomatically, the difficulty resolved itself into a matter of notes from the several Cabinets. This whole Polish Revolution is, however, not to be enjoyed or lingered over by the admirers of Prussia. It was a bad business from beginning to end-if, indeed, the end has yet been reached The present volume concludes with an account

Austrian attempt to arrange a new German Constitution, this time on the basis of a free con ference of the rulers themselves without the in tervention of their ministers. The Assembly at Frankfort was, as Von Sybel says, an affair o display and fireworks, but it was a flat failure. The King of Prussia refused to attend, though strongly urged. He besitated so long to give the letter of refusal to the King of Saxony, who had himself brought the invitation, that "Bismarck's wrath was boiling inwardly over the long suspense.' When the door had closed behind the Saxon, he smashed a plate which was standing on the table with some glasses. 'I had to break The Emperor of Austria had shown his ability to perform the duties of chairman at a public meeting with credit, but that was about the only result of the Assembly. It remains only to say that the translation of this admirable history is very well done indeed. It reflects few of the

German involutions, and reads smoothly and flow-

nothing comparable to it in fainces, clearness, trustworthiness and vigor has been written con-cerning the great events of which it treats.

Of the history itself it must be said that

of the assembly of Princes at Frankfort-another

# FANNY KEMBLE.

A FRESH BATCH OF HER LIVELY LETTERS

FURTHER RECORDS. 1848-1883. A Series of Letters by Frances Anne Kemble, forming a sequel to Records of a Girthood and Records of Later Life. With a Portrait of Mrs. Charles Kemble. 12mo. pp. 380. Heary Holt & Co.

This third instalment of Fanny Kemble's reminiscences has been put together in rather a confus-ing way, as regards chronology, for, beginning with 1874, it suddenly and without explanation goes back to 1846, and then, in the same abrupt man-ner, forward again. It may also be said that the bulk of the volume would have been reduced siderably if the numerous repetitions had been cancelled. Mrs. Kemble has a habit of teiling the same things twice over, and Ametimes more than twice, even when writing to the same correspondent, and this needless reiteration should have been obviated in preparing the letters for publication. We have, however, no more fault to find with the correspondence, which will be welcomed as heartily as were the preceding volumes of reminiscence and anecdote by this keen American manners and customs. The present volume contains even more and sharper criticism than the others, and the reason for this is not far to seek. Fanny Kemble when she wrote these letters was growing into years, and with age usually comes a recrudescence of early modes of thought, fastes and prejudices. She was berself quite conscious of this, and once declares that she is getting more English than ever as she grows Yet few women have been more closely allied with this country, not being Americans, for ber children were married here, and her grandchildren were wholly American During the years most fully represented here

Mrs. Kemble occupied an old farm-house near Germantown, Philadelphia, and a good part of the time she was alone there. The domestic servant question pressed heavily upon her and filled with bewailings over the wretched qualit of servants to be had, their insolence, greed and inefficiency. While she was in this country these widespread demoralization had been proceeding as to retain an English maid, whose devotion t her mistress went the length of postponing he own marriage two years; an arrangement which

an politics, and in the course of one of these There is," she says, "no such thing as any special training for a diplomatic career, there is stance of this, and is sent to represent his country speaking Spanish, the President's sale reply was candidate for the office was named, who, it must be supposed, was not disqualified for it by say superduous acquaintance with the Spanish language." It may be said of this story that if not true, it is well invented.

American women may like to hear what Fanny Kemble has thought of them. Here is one of her

In another letter Mrs. Kemble includes the American men in her criticism, observing that "The men have no backs to their heads, and the women no backs to their bottles," and adding it nete the observation that "The brain develop processes of the Americans quicker and more vivid than those of any other people. Their intellect is subtler than that of the English, and there is a tendency to insanity with them which does not exist with us. They want our heavy, sound, material bullast to qualify their higher and finer brain. The Americans as a rule are wanting in animal spirits, properly so-called, because they are generally the result of vigorous animal health. and abound in the young, in whom the animal vital element predominates. The Americans know nothing of the nursery life of English children that existence so carefully devoted to physical habits of the wholesomest simplicity and regul larity, so carefully deprived of all intellectual influence or nervous excitement. There is no Ameri-can childhood, and the athletic sports of English-men are comparatively little cultivated by Americans. Business life begins much earlier in the United States, and the carelessness of youth i shorter lived there than in any other country. in 1875, but certainly it is impossible to recognize the portrait in 1891, so rapid have been the hanges of late years. But discussion of National characteristics is not

only dry work, it is futile, imasmuch as any such criticism or analysis must, in the nature of things, apply only to some particular portion of any nation; every nation being composed of many strata, distinct from one another, each with its A subject more generally interesting is that of glast stories, and Mrs. Kemble has two really first-rate specimens of the kind. The first relates to a house in Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, where she lived before going to York Farm, and

where she lived before going to York Farm, and is thus told:

A curious circumstance, which only came to my knowledge several years after my residence in this house in Rittenhouse Square, seems to me to possess sufficiently the qualities of a good ghest story to be worth preserving. The house was so constructed that a room, half-way between the ground floor and the story immediately above it, commanded the flight of stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of modification of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs leading to the latter, and the whole of the stairs and upper them on the ground floor. One evening that very maid was sitting in the room, from which she could see the whole of the staircase and upper landing; she saw the door of my bedroom open and an elderly woman in a flaunel dressing-gown, with a bannet on her hend and a candle in her hand, come out, walk the whole length of the passage and return again into the bedroom, abutting the door after her. My maid knew that I was in the drawing-room below in my usual black velvet evening dress; moreover the person she had seen bore no resemblance either in figure or

face to me, or to my member of my household, which consisted of three young servant-women besides herself, and a negro man-servant. My maid was a remarkably courageous and reasonable person, and though very much startled (for she went directly upstairs and found no one in the rooms) she kept her counsel and mentioned the circumstance to nobody, though, as site told me afterward, she was so afraid lest I should have a similar visitation that she was strongly tempted to ask Dr. W's advice as to the propriety mentioning her experience to me. She after, and a similar visitation that she was strongly tempted to ask Dr. W's advice as to the propriety mentioning her experience to me. She after, and the said of t

natural narratives, and yet being vouched for, as will be seen, by several persons. This, it may be observed, occurred in the Scottish Highlands:

Corrybrough, my friend's pleasant home in the

Corrybrough, my friend's pleasant home in the Highlands, was a moorland sheep-farm and grouse-shooting property. The house stood within its own grounds, at a distance from any other dwelling, entirely isolated, with no habitations in its neighborhood but those of the people employed on the land, which circumstances I mention as rendering curious in some degree the incident I am about to relate, of the singular character of which I can give no plausible, rational explanation. I was expected on a visit there on a certain day of a certain month and week the date I have now forgottent. The persons staying in the house of a certain month and week (the date I have now forgotten). The persons staying in the house were friends and acquaintances of nine, as well as of the "laird's," and had all been looking for my arrival in the course of the day. When, however, the hour for retriring for the night had been somewhat overpassed in the protracted hope of my still-possible advent, and everybedy had given me up and betaken themselves to their hedrooms, a sudden sound of wheels on the graved drive, the sloud opening of a carriage door and letting down of steps, with a sudden violent ringing of the door-bell, drew every one forth again to their doors with exclamations of "Oh, there she is; she's come at last." My friend and host ran down to open the door to me himself, which he did, to find before him only the impliness, stillness and darkness of the night-either carriage nor arriving guest-nothing an-obedy, so he retired to his room and went to bed he next day I arrived, but though able to accoun-atisfactorily for my delay in doing so, was quit-mable to account for my sham arrival of the unable to account for my sham arrival of t previous flight, with sound of wheels, horse hoofs, opening of carriage door, letting down steps, and loud ringing of the house-bell, all win premonitory symptoms were heard by half a doz people in their respective rooms in different pay of the house, which makes an unsatisfactory so

of ghost story.

This is a ghost story with the human ghost omitted, so to say, though it may be supposed that a ghostly carriage would require a phantom driver; but it is not unsatisfactory, because it is so delightfully aggravating, and so atterly unlike the conventional stories of the supernatural. One

anything more serious.

Mrs. Kemble was intimate with Longfellow, who, she says, "told me a carrious aneedots of his own literary experience. One day hearing me lated the second line 'Low spon the Tay,' no knowing what it meant and that Tay was the tame of a river, by 'Tief in den Tag,' which Longfellow egain, in his ignorance of the original song, had rendered 'Far in the day,' and only found out long afterward that he had translated into English a German translation of a Sected bellad.' There is a good deal of humor in Fanny Kemble, and fair speciments of it may be found to be comments much ber Swigs travels. This is mirrors, magnifleence, bad smells—and bedbugs."
Writing from Axenstiern, above Brunnen, about the modern, huge hotels, she says: "To the attractions of these huge houses of entertainment are added musical bands, illuminations, fire-ballsons and spectacles of every kind, besides that of the sweet, solemn and sublime natural features of the beautiful scenery—all of which seems to me very vulgar—bread and butter, and pate de fore gras, and marmalode and jam, and caviare, one on top of the other."

She can describe well and even brilliantly when in the humor, and her gossipy, outspoken letters

# LITERARY NOTES

William Winter has dedicated his forthcoming book of verse, "Gray Days and Gold," to Augustin Daly remembering a friendship of many years."

There he two matters which do nowadays much afflict the readers of books and periodicals the impos stibility of indicating, other than in inches, the size of a book, and the pernicious wire stability of maga-zines. The latter practice makes it difficult to read such a periodical with any appreach to comfort, for it must be held with both hands, as it will not stay open; and even a rending stand cannot cope with its the modern " improvements."

As for the "size of books," that is a subject fraught with endless exasteration for the writer and book

Emma Isola, the much-loved protege of that im mortal brother and sister, Charles and Mary Lamb, has just died in England. She was the widow of Edward Moxon and was eighty-two years old.

Oxford undergraduates have been playing Shake speare's "King John," the title role being taken by young Mr. Irving, of New College. A critical article on the performance suggests that a brilliant actor is saving up" for the future. "It is clear," says the critic, "that nature has not denied to the son the gifts so freely lavished upon his illustrious father. The part is exceedingly trying, but Mr. Irving's per formance gives evidence of most conscientious and careful study. Moreover, on the stage he is always graceful, picturesque and interesting, never sinking into the dull or commonplace. He is seen at hi-best in the death-scene, which is altogether a re-

An unusually interesting face is that which fronts the first page of the new "Book Buyer." The beauti fully shaped head, the large, dreamy, widely separated eyes and reticent mouth make up together a person ality which piques and haunts the beholder. From th plensant sketch which accompanies this portrait of Miss Mary E. Wilkins we learn a fact of which her readers must long have been convinced—that her tories are often studies from life.

stories are often studies from life.

This is not saying that the counterparts of "Old Lady Pfingne" or of "Aurelia Lower" are to be found in Randolph; but it only enphasizes her art that it is from suggestions of emotion and action, from fragments of incidents and bits of life and personality, that she constructs the living characters found in her pages. She has been heard to say that she likes "people who drop their g's and use the double negative, and people who don't." This catholicity of taste is reciprocal, for she is quite as much liked both for herself and for her stories by people who speak in dialect as by those who do not.

Fraser Rae's clever novel, "Miss Bayle's Romance, to be succeeded by a second, which will have an other, or possibly the same, American heroine. It is to be called "An American Duchess."

The University of Pennsylvania is negotiating for the chase of the late George Bancroft's splendid colection of historical works, which is valued at \$70,000 It is wanted for the Library of American History re cently established by the university. Congress has the refusal of the manuscripts in the collection for three

"I have been interested," said a lover of good English, "in the little discussion which has gone or with more or less frequency in the columns of The Tribune recently. It is really very gratifying to find that people care enough about our wonderful language to stop, in these busy, rushing days, and discuss the finer points of good English. There is one part of the subject, however, which I have been hoping some one would take up. That is the abuse of the possessive case. We seem nowadays to have a mania for making everything possess something, using the possessiv rase as if it were the Latin genitive. Why we should say a nan's description when we do not mean any say a man's description, meaning the description of a man, there is no notion of possession. Neither should appearance, etc. We have a genitive as well possessive and I wish we might have an end of the expressions 'the cyclone's devastation,' 'the fire's

"I will give you another example of a prevailing rise in English," said the literary man. writers allow themselves to say the best of the two other day, of a blunder by Bulwer, who, after speaking of three suppositions, adds. The latter, after all, was cited where some one, I have forgotten who it was, uses in referring to Drynen, Pope and Words worth, where it would have been correct to say 'any

A friend of a young author whose vocabulary and choice of words are much admired by those who are familiar with his work (it isn't necessary and it might not be fair to make public the name of the writer) says that this writer of books owes nearly all, if not all, his vocabulary to the Bible. It is his habit and delight to read and reread the Bible. Words which are uncommon and yet peculiarly effective in certain connections he jots down on silps of paper and afterward experiments with them and uses them until he feels that they are a part of his verbal bank account. But he reads the book persistently, whether or not he makes notes, that the soffid on his ear and the sympathetic impression upon his brain may show him how best to enaploy those words which are at his command and those which he is adding to his store. It is to be hoped that this story will not lead aspiring young men to rend the Bible only for the words contained therein.

# MY LADY'S COACH.

From "Traditional Songs of the West of England."

My lady hath a sable coach
And horses two and four;
My lady hath a gauni bloodhound,
That runneth on before.
My lady's coach has nodding plumes;
The coachman has no head.
My lady's face is ashen white.
As one that long is dead.

"Now, pray step in," my lady saith, "Now, pray step in and ride!"
"I thank thee, I had rather walk
Than gather to the side."
The wheels go round without a sound Of tramp or turn of wheels.

As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

"Now, pray step in," my lady saith,
"Now, prythee, come to me."
She takes the baby from the crib,
And sets it on her knee.
The wheels so round without a sound.
Of tramp or turn of wheels.
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Conward the carriage steals.

"Now, pray, step in," my lady saith,"
"Now, pray, step in and ride."
Then, deadly pale, in wedding vell,
she takes to her the bride.
The wheels go round without a sound
of tramp or turn of wheels.
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

" Now, pray, step in," my lady saith," "There's room, I wot, for you."
She waved her hand, the coach did stand,
The Septice within she drew.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels.
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

"Now, pray, step in," my lady saith,"

"Why shouldst thou trudge afoot?"
She took the gaffer in by her.
His cruthes in the boot.
The wheels go round without a sound
Of tramp or turn of wheels.
As a cloud at night, in the pale moonlight,
Onward the carriage steals.

Pd rather walk a hundred miles,
And run by night and day.
Than have that carriage halt for me,
And hear my lady say:

"Now, pray, step in, and make no din,
I pithee, come and ride.
There's room, I trow, by me for you,
And all the world beside."

ONE SEL SIDE GRAVE. By Christina Rossetti.

Unmindful of the roses, Unmindful of the thorn, A resper tired reposes Among his gathered corn; so might I, till the morn! Cold as the cold Decembers, Past as the days that set,

From Cornhill.

The room is dusky; there she sits.
And plays the well-known air,
While dim the windy moonlight flite
About her braided hair;
And borne from out the summer dark
I hear the village watchdog bark,

ROMANCE IN E.

She plays the air, and I recall
How first I heard it by the sea;
I know each chord, reu mber all
The meaning it ones held for me;
That bitter autumn in the rain,
old sear, in which I yet feel pain. III.

And as she plays, thank God, my heart
fats strong with thinkfulness and joy;
That I have lived and played my part,
A man, and not a lovesick boy;
A man I come to her and cry,
"Play for me, dearest, till I die!"

### TALLEYRAND IN LONDON.

A VOLUME OF HIS LETTERS WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF LOUIS PHILIPPE. Paris, February 13.

Talleyrand is now the great name in the book market. M. Pallain, of the Foreign Office, has

just brought out a volume filled with document

which he found there. They deal with Talley. rand's mission to London between 1830 and 1834, and are letters to Comte de Mote, the first Foreign Minister of Louis Philippe. The present volume only relates to the first nine months of the writer's embassy. He was sent to London to turn the revolt of Belgium against the Orange dynasty to the advantage of Louis Philippe. A most difficult task it was. All the parties to the treaty of 1815 (save, of course, France) were inimical to Louis Philippe, whose title to the throne was in a revolution in which he played a base part. Metternich's policy still prevailed in most of the Continental courts, which trembled at "the demagogues of Paris, or rather, at their example and propagandist fervor." This they believed the new King of the French was powerless to restrain, and they held him responsible for having helped to unbridle it. With the utmost difficulty he got bimself officially accepted, and Austria and Russia only granted the acceptance imperfectly; They said that they could not deny that he actually ruled France, but they were not satisfied a to his being able long to do so. Russia refused to receive an Ambassador from him. The different courts, with the exception of England, began to think of forming a coalition to hold France down. Talleyrand found the Duke of Wellington head

of the British Cabinet. Though personally en-

gaged in the Holy Alliance, Wellington was too practical to be governed by its principles. At any rate he had no enthusiasm for them, and great public meeting in London having voted as address of congratulation to the people of Paris on having recovered their liberties by overthrow. ing Charles X, the Iron Duke felt that he would fly against the wind in putting his foot down upon the Citizen King. Louis Philippe also appeared rather to English eyes as a kind of William et Orange than a mere selfish schemer who only thought of his money investments and his family, Talleyrand knew England well, had there many old and eminent friends-among them Lord Lansdown -and was not cowed at the difficulties of his task. He writes, with dry and telling traits, how the artillery of the Cinque Ports saluted him as he landed, the Mayor fawned upon and flattered him and the effect his post-chaise and four produced as they rattled through Canterbury and into London. In the Capital his reception was solems above and jolly and good-natured below. It was understood by the people that Charles X was priest-ridden, hated the press and was determined to crush it, and that Louis Philippe, who, as Duke of Orleans, had lived long in England, valued her Constitution and wanted to endow the French with one like it and to secure religious liberty. Talleyrand dissipated the ill-feeling of the Cab-

asking whether England would help the King of the French to uphold the principle of non-intervention, and to let each State settle its own affairs as it pleased. He was taken at his word, and more completely than suited Louis Philippe, who wanted the Crown of Belgium either for his second son (the Duke of Nemours) or for the future husband of his eldest daughter. morose, angular and selfish Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, widower of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, was put forward by Great Eritain as a candidate. Louis Philippe and his wife were for her nephew, a Neapolitan prince, amiable in his private relations, but brought up in a court which was at once the most tyrannical and the most corrupt in Europe. He was also a Bourbon." Lord Paimerston, who obtained the Foreign Office while the Belgian question was still an open one, would not suffer this Prince to be so much as named to him officially.

Talleyrand sometimes deigned to gossip. But

inct on the first occasion that presented itself by

the danger of European war was remove

# COUNT D'ORSAY.

A REMINISCENCE BY THACKERAY'S DAUGHTER From Macmillan's Magazine.

A REMINISCENCE BY THACKERAY'S DAUGHTER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

The most splendid person I ever remember seeing had a little peneil sketch in his hand, which he left behind him upon the table. It was a very feeble sketch; it seemed scarcely possible to admiring little girls that so grand a being should not be a bolder draughtsman. He appeared to us one Sunday morning in the sunshine. When I came hurrying down to breakfast I found him sitting beside my father at the table with an untasted cup of tea before him; he seemed to fill the bow-window with radiance as if he were Apolio ; he leant against his chair with one chow resting on its back, with shining studs and curls and boots. We could see his horse looking in at us over the blind. It was indeed a sight for little girls to remember all their lives. I think my father had a certain weakness for dandles, those knights of the broadtloth and shining fronts. Magnifeent apparitions used to dawn upon us in the hall sometimes, glorious beings on their way to the study, but this one outshone them all. I came upon a description in Lord Laminston's Book of Dandles' the other day, which once more evoked the shining memory. Our visitor was Count D'Orsay, of whom Lord Laminston says:

When he appeared in the perfection of dress for the tailor's art had not died out with Goorge IV), with that expression of self-confidence and complacency which the sense of superfority gives, he was the observed of all! In those days men took great pains with them selves. They did not slouch and moon thry life, . . . . I have frequently ridden down to Richmond with Count D'Orsay; a striking figure he was: his blue coat, thrown well back to show the wide expanse of snowy shirt-front, his buff was-tooat, his light leathers and polished boots, his well-curled whiskers and handsome countenance; a wide-brimmed glossy hat, and spotiess white gloves."

Mr. Richard Doyle, who understood the habits and ways of fairies and of human beings too, used to tell us a little story of a well-known literar

# READ THOROUGHLY.

From The Boston Commonwealth.

Savage Landor said, in his savage way, that ne person should ever have more than five books on hand. He said that when you had read a book thoroughly you had better give it away, and that it was idle to keep around you so many monuments of unfailshed reading as most men had in the books of their libraries. This is straining a point, undoubtedly, and a few of us would say that Landor's rule was a working rule, in education or life. But what Landor meant was that it was worth while for e man to be off with the old love before he was on with the new. He meant that it was worth while for people to finish, and finish thoroughly, one line of study before they embarked on another. From The Boston Commonwealth.

# THAT LOVELY NARCISSUS.

From The Washington Post.

Narcissus was a mythological young person wha had so much beauty that it was in the way. He was interrupted during office hours by people who wanted to admire him, and a case went on record of a woman's thinking so much of him that she would always keep still until he got clear through talking. At last he got a good took at himself in a mirror, and he said he couldn't blame them. He felt that he was a mensel to society, and history says that he drowned himself, but he didn't. He went and got a pair of voluminous trousers, decorated his eye with a large piece of glass, took the fit out of the back of his coal, shoved his chin out of place with his collar, and went about his business satisfied that he had restored their peaces of mind to the feminene members of his acquaintainer. But it was in vain. And he is obliged to devote large portions of his time—In fact nearity all of it—to the search for improvements that will make his garmente effective for their true purpose. In the meaning he is obliged to go on bothersomely beloved. From The Washington Post.